He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Enſigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gouer. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Piſtoll.*

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praiſe God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muſſer before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent deſcription of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hangd muſt he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let

Let man go free, and le
But *Exeter* hath giuen
For packs of petty pric
Therefore go ſpeake, th
And let not *Bardolfes* vi
With edge of penny co
Speake Captaine for hi

Flew. Captaine *Piſtoll*,

Piſt. Why then reioy

Flew. Certainly Ancie
Tis not a thing to reioy
For if he were my own
To do his pleaſure, and
For looke you, diſcipli
They ought to be kept.

Piſt. Die and be dam

Flew. That is good.

Piſt. The figge of *Sp*

Flew. That is very we

Piſt. I ſay the fig wit

Flew. Captaine *Gow*
thunder?

Gower. Why is this th
I remember him now, h

Flew. By Ieſus he is vtt
As you ſhall deſire to ſe
But tis all one, what he
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a
That goes to the wars o
At his returne to Lond
And ſuch fellowes as h
Are perfect in great Co
They will learne by rot
At ſuch and ſuch a ſcon

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG